

Rebirth of a Village Girl

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The atmosphere in the car suddenly became heavy.

Mo Qishen laughed, saying, "Dad, where did you get that idea? Ni Yang and I are not like what you're imagining! Besides, I'm not that kind of person!"

He did want to harm Ni Yang, but she never gave him the opportunity!

"Be serious! What is with that frivolous laugh?" Mo Fuhai scowled, continuing, "Anyway, I've given you a warning here and now. If you dare harm that girl, I swear I will kill you."

"Yes, yes, yes!" Mo Qishen responded playfully, "Rest assured, even if I had the courage of a hundred men, I would not dare to provoke her. By the way, how did you get to know her?"

If Ni Yang had been present, she would have realized that Mo Fuhai was actually the old man who had spoken up for her when Yang Guobao was having an epileptic fit.

Mo Fuhai often came to fish here, and Ni Yang frequently took her eel traps to the river. After many interactions, the old and the young grew familiar with each other and enjoyed each other's company.

However, Ni Yang didn't know who Mo Fuhai truly was and, having not met any of his family in the past month, she thought that he was an old man living alone. Thus, she often brought bread for him.

The two had developed a special friendship despite their age difference.

"It doesn't matter how we got to know each other," Mo Fuhai slapped Mo Qishen on the head, warning him, "The important thing is that you must not harm her."

"Don't worry, I promise I won't harm her!" Mo Qishen raised three fingers, "I swear!"

Mo Fuhai gave him a disdainful look, calling him a rascal.

Speaking again, Mo Fuhai said, “Actually, Yangyang is a good girl, but you are already engaged to the girl from Zhao family. You cannot be fickle.”

The Zhao family?

Mo Qishen squinted his eyes. It seemed it was time to give the Zhao family a taste of the harsh truth.

Otherwise, his father would never see the true colors of those people.

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At Ni’s house.

After sending away Mo Qishen, Ni Yang began to prepare dinner in the kitchen.

The main dish was rice.

As for the stir-fried dishes, she already had a menu planned out for the whole week. Mondays menu, Tuesdays menu, amongst others were already planned. They not only benefited beauty but were also delicious and nourishing, fulfilling dual purposes of beauty treatment and nourishment to the stomach.

Ni Yang pulled out the menu. Today’s menu included:

1: Stir-fried Green Pepper Pork with Cowpea.

The cowpea has the property of nourishing kidney and spleen.

The “Compendium of Materia Medica” states: cowpea replenishes qi in the middle, promotes kidney health, and restores vitality.

Nourishing the kidneys is the key to delaying aging.

2: Polygonatum Asparagus Eel Fillet.

Polygonatum can replenish deficiencies and fill the essence and marrow.

The eel contains a rich amount of calcium, iron and phosphorus, gelatin and other nutrients. Coupled with Polygonatum, it can promote breast development and growth.

This dish has a remarkable effect on breast enhancement.

3: Pickled Cucumber with Ear Fungus.

Cucumber is a great vegetable for clearing heat and has a whitening effect. Wood ear fungus has a high calcium content and has a decompressing and detoxifying effect.

4: Dendrobium Fish Head Soup.

Dendrobium has a large amount of mucus, nourishing and invigorating, and moisturizes the skin without greasiness. Fish head is rich in protein, various amino acids, fats, vitamin B2 and other trace elements. Combined with Dendrobium, it gives skin a glossy appearance and maintains elasticity.

Three dishes and one soup for three people was just enough. And these three dishes and one soup combined the effects of whitening, breast enhancement, delaying aging and cooling, which are much more effective than spa treatments in the modern world!

After viewing the menu, Ni Yang rolled up her sleeves and started preparing the dishes.

Apart from the wood ear fungus and pork that were purchased, the rest of the vegetables were all gifted by the villagers, some of the vegetables were grown by Ni Cuihua, the fish was caught by Ni Yang herself, and the Dendrobium and Polygonatum were dug out from the mountains. Thus, the total cost of a meal was less than one and a half yuan.

The key point was that these combinations could bring out the best in oneself, which can't be bought with any amount of money outside.

After more than an hour in the kitchen, the beautifully presented three dishes and one soup were brought to the table.

The moment Ni Chengui entered the house, he was hit with the scent of the delicious dishes. His bad mood brightened instantly.

Summer is usually a period with reduced appetite, but Ni Chengui's appetite was improving by the day.

Ni Chengui immediately dropped his bag and went to the yard to wash his hands before eating.

Ni Yang was pulling something up from the well. As soon as she opened the well cover, a burst of cool air gushed out, instantly reviving her..

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“Yangyang, what’s in this basket?” Ni Chenggui curiously bent over to look.

Ni Cuihua walked over from the side and laughed, "This is the Sour Plum Soup that our Yangyang made this afternoon."

Sour Plum Soup?

Ni Chenggui's eyes lit up and she exclaimed with surprise, "Yangyang knows how to make Sour Plum Soup?"

Beverages are quite expensive at this time, a regular soda sells for one to two yuan a bottle, not to mention the handmade Sour Plum Soup.

During a work banquet, Ni Chenggui once had Sour Plum Soup.

It was sour and sweet, refreshing and grease-cutting. The taste was indescribably delicious!

Drinking it in the summer was like a taste of paradise, you just couldn't get enough.

Just thinking about it made Ni Chenggui uncontrollably swallow her saliva.

Ni Yang laughed, "This is my first time making it, I don't know if it will taste good."

"Yangyang, don't be humble. Does anything you make taste bad?"

Ni Cuihua said, "Sister Chenggui, don't flatter Yangyang. What if it doesn't taste good this time?"

Ni Chenggui replied, "There's nothing that our Yangyang has made that hasn't tasted good."

Ni Yang moved the glass jar into the living room.

The glass jar was 5L in size, capable of holding ten kilograms of water. At this moment, it was filled with purple-red Sour Plum Soup, reflecting inviting circles of light under the warm yellow lamp.

It looked just like aged wine.

"This Sour Plum Soup has such a beautiful color!" Ni Cuihua couldn't help but exclaim.

Ni Chenggui replied, "Yangyang's mom, this Sour Plum Soup not only looks good, but its taste is also exceptional!"

Ni Yang brought three glass cups and poured a full cup for both Ni Cuihua and Ni Chenggui.

“Mom, Auntie Ni, you try first.” Ni Yang looked at them expectantly.

“I don’t need to try it to know that it tastes good.” Ni Chenggui said as she picked up the cup and took a sip.

The air seemed to quieten.

Ni Yang and Ni Cuihua were both watching Ni Chenggui, afraid to miss any change in her facial expression.

However, Ni Chenggui’s face didn’t reveal anything special.

She looked very calm.

As if she was drinking plain water.

“Chenggui, how’s the taste?” Ni Cuihua asked nervously.

Ni Yang was also a bit apprehensive.

Was she feeling uneasy because she hadn’t cooked for so many years, and her skills may have deteriorated?

Ni Chenggui frowned slightly, “Actually, the taste is ordinary...”

Ordinary...

Before Ni Yang could feel disappointed, Ni Chenggui suddenly changed her expression and exclaimed, “The taste is extraordinarily good! It tastes much better than what I’ve drunk before! Yangyang’s Mom, you must try it!”

Hearing this, Ni Yang looked at Ni Chenggui surprisingly, it was obviously unexpected, what a turn of events!

Ni Cuihua immediately picked up her cup and took a sip, and her face was filled with surprise, “It’s delicious! Yangyang, it’s really too delicious! Even better than sugary water!”

She had never tasted anything so delicious in her entire life!

Ni Chenggui laughed, “I told you, the things made by our Yangyang, how could it not taste good?”

Ni Yang scooped herself a cup and took a small sip.

Mmm.

There was a faint taste of Osmanthus Flower as the soup entered the mouth, followed by a light sour and sweet flavor that spread across the tongue.

It made her mouth water.

The chilled feeling made every pore in her body open.

It felt like turning on air conditioning.

It was very refreshing.

She couldn't help but want to take a second sip, a third, a fourth...

Ni Chenggui asked, "Yangyang, how did you make this Sour Plum Soup?"

The ingredients for Sour Plum Soup should be hard to buy. She wondered how a young girl like Ni Yang knew so much!

She was really amazing.

Ni Yang explained, "I saw it on a cooking recipe and then went to the Traditional Chinese Medicine Store to buy some Dark Plum Hawthorn and other main ingredients. I didn't expect to succeed by sheer luck."

Of course, the pre-mixed Sour Plum Soup ingredients were hard to buy. But Ni Yang, in her previous life, worked in the catering industry. She didn't need to buy those pre-mixed ones from the market. Furthermore, the ones sold in the market all taste the same.

Nobody could imitate her self-balanced ingredients.

Ni Chenggui exclaimed, "Yangyang, you're really smart. Even if I spent ten days looking at it, I couldn't learn."

She is typically someone who can learn by looking at it, but always fails when actually doing it.

"Also, the dishes you cook are delicious too! They taste a hundred times better than those from big restaurants! Yangyang, whoever marries you in the future would be as lucky as winning the lottery!"

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If she had a son, she would surely want to have Ni Yang as her daughter-in-law.

Ni Yang said, laughing, "I'm not getting married. I want to stay with my mom for the rest of my life."

Ni Cuihua said helplessly, "This child, always saying such foolish thing."

Looking at the considerate Ni Yang, Ni Chenggui was reminded of his own daughter.

If his daughter was half as considerate as Ni Yang, he wouldn't be alone today.

At that thought, Ni Chenggui sighed softly.

"Chenggui, what's wrong?" Ni Cuihua looked over at Ni Chenggui.

Ni Chenggui smiled and said, "It's nothing, let's eat quickly! Yangyang's cooking is so good, it won't taste as good once it's cold!"

Seeing this, Ni Cuihua didn't ask any more questions.

It wasn't appropriate for Ni Yang, being the junior, to intervene in the elder's affairs.

Without a doubt, the three dishes and one soup that night were completely devoured, leaving nothing behind.

After dinner, Ni Yang washed the dishes while Ni Cuihua went to give the child a bath.

After Ni Yang finished washing the dishes, she went to Ni Cuihua's room.

Little Ni Yun, at forty days old, was very cute.

Fat and white, he was splashing water in the basin. Seeing Ni Yang, he gave her a sweet smile that melted her heart.

"Mom, let me help you."

"No need, no need." Ni Cuihua said, "I can do it myself. You have also been busy all day, you should rest for a while."

Ni Cuihua was still wearing the same patched clothes from before.

She didn't wear the bra that was bought for her.

Ni Yang went on, "Mom, why didn't you wear the clothes I bought for you? Don't you like them?"

Ni Cuihua laughed and said, "Your mom never goes out. It doesn't matter what I wear."

Good clothes are meant to be worn out! Discover *new* chapters at [novelbin\(.\)com](http://novelbin(.)com)

Why bother wearing nice clothes at home?

“Mom,” Ni Yang immediately corrected Ni Cuihua’s incorrect idea, then said, “We don’t have to pinch pennies like we did in the past. You should wear the clothes I bought for you, otherwise they would become waste when left unused.”

“Just look at how classy Auntie Ni looks every day. And also, you should be wearing bras. If not, sagging breasts can not only affect appearance, but also lead to gynecological diseases.”

Ni Cuihua was surprised and asked, “Really?”

It’s just a piece of cloth.

Wearing it or not should be the same. Could it be so magical?

Ni Yang replied, “Mom, do you remember how the old lady Wang who lived next door to us died?”

“I remember.” Ni Cuihua pointed to her chest and said, “Here it festered, and then she died.”

Ni Yang said, “That disease is called breast cancer, which happens because women don’t take good care of their breasts.”

“Really?” Ni Cuihua was somewhat disbelieving.

Ni Yang spoke seriously, “Mom, when have I ever lied to you?”

It seems... never...

Ni Cuihua hesitated, then said, “Yangyang, but your mother feels uncomfortable wearing these clothes. It tightens around the chest...”

It’s as if I can’t breathe properly.

Ni Yang continued, “Mom, everyone feels the same the first time they wear them. You’ll get used to it. And you don’t have to wear it all the time, you can take it off when you go to sleep. If you keep neglecting yourself like this, you’ll definitely regret it someday. And when that time comes, there will be no medicine for regret.”

Hearing this, Ni Cuihua nodded her head, “Alright, I understand.”

Ni Yang continued, "I'll hold Little Ni Yun for you, you go and try on the bra and the new clothes we bought last time."

Ni Cuihua hesitated for a moment, but then took the clothes to change.

Because it was her first time wearing a bra, she looked a little awkward and covered her chest with her hands.

Ni Yang laughed and pulled Ni Cuihua to the mirror, "Mom, look at yourself in the mirror. Don't you look so much better after wearing a bra than before? Your whole temperament has changed.."

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Ni Cuihua was wearing a beige batwing shirt on the upper body, and a pair of black flared trousers on the lower body.

The batwing shirt was fashionable this year. It had a retro pattern embroidered on the collar which echoed the pattern on the cuffs – it looked very nice. Visit www.v3l.com for new novels

Ni Cuihua's skin was originally on the paler side, so wearing beige now made her skin look even more fair and well-balanced.

Due to her wearing a bra, her bust was shaped perfectly, presenting a great confidence.

Even her posture improved, and she was standing much straighter.

The transformation made her look like a different person. Where had that previous, self-conscious and gloomy look gone?

For a moment, Ni Cuihua almost couldn't believe that the person in the mirror was her.

But the bra was too tight, uncomfortably so, and she couldn't resist the urge to loosen that bit of strap at the back.

After all, a habit of thirty-six years couldn't be changed overnight.

Ni Yang held Ni Cuihua's hand, "Mom, look at how beautiful you are now. If you don't wear a bra, there won't be such an effect and if you don't believe me, go to your room and take off the bra to try it."

Ni Cuihua didn't really believe it.

So she turned around, went into her room and took off her bra.

When she looked at herself in the mirror again, she was stunned.

Apparently, the difference between wearing a bra and not wearing one is quite significant.

The person in the mirror had a hunched back and lost all sense of confidence, appearing despondently and conspicuously older.

Ni Yang came over with a smile, put her hand on Ni Cuihua's shoulder and said, "Mom, as I said, there is really a big difference between wearing a bra and not wearing one."

Ni Cuihua straightened her clothes in the mirror.

Then Ni Yang continued, "Mom, listen to me. Dress like this tomorrow and don't wear those old clothes in the future. It's not like we can't afford new clothes."

"Alright," Ni Cuihua said, looking at Ni Yang and nodding, "I'll listen to you."

Ni Yang laughed and said, "Remember to wear your bra, too."

"I know, I know," Ni Cuihua nodded somewhat uncomfortably.

After leaving Ni Cuihua's bedroom, Ni Yang went into the kitchen.

Because she had previously promised Li Gongcheng that she would cook something nutritious and delicious for his elderly grandmother, she intended to brainstorm meal ideas in the kitchen.

Li Gongcheng mentioned that the grandmother's appetite was not very good.

Generally, there are only two reasons why elderly people have a poor appetite.

First, as age increases, the taste buds on the tongue gradually degrade, and consequently, the tongue's reaction to food slowly weakens.

Second, the decline in digestive function in the elderly can lead to stomach coldness, causing loss of appetite.

Therefore, the remedy should be targeted.

After pondering for a while, Ni Yang started to prepare the ingredients.

She planned to make sour cabbage and pork stuffed pan-fried dumplings for the grandmother, and then boil some mint porridge.

The pairing of sour cabbage and pork pan-fried dumplings with light mint porridge in the morning is simply delicious.

Mint has the effects of dispelling wind-heat, clearing the head and eyes, and inducing sweating and easing rash. In summer, elderly people can eat mint porridge to soothe their minds, disperse heat, stimulate appetite, aid digestion, and even break down greasiness.

The dumplings can be wrapped now, and they can be pan-fried tomorrow morning.

Porridge, however, needs to be cooked fresh tomorrow morning.

Because leftover porridge is not tasty and less nutritious as well.

Although she couldn't cook the porridge in advance, she could soak the rice ahead of time.

Ni Yang skillfully washed the rice and left it to soak in a clay pot.

After soaking the rice, Ni Yang went to the Vegetable Garden to pick some mint leaves.

She had found this mint by chance by the river and took a few plants back to plant in the Vegetable Garden, which unexpectedly grew very well.

After picking the mint leaves, Ni Yang started to knead the dough and roll out the Dumpling Skins.

After putting child to bed, Ni Cuihua also came into the kitchen.

"Yangyang, what are you busy with? Let me help you."

Ni Yang turned around with a smile, "Do you still remember how to make Liao Ye dumplings?"

"Yes." Ni Cuihua nodded.

Ni Yang then told Ni Cuihua about what she had planned for Mrs. Mo.

Hearing this, Ni Cuihua laughed, "What's so difficult about that? Leave the job of dumpling and dumpling skin making to me, and you go and prepare the dumpling stuffing."

Apart from not cooking as deliciously as Ni Yang, Ni Cuihua was a very competent mother.

She had many skills such as embroidery, shoe mending, knitting...

Moreover, Ni Cuihua was extremely intelligent. She picked up many things quickly after being taught once.

“Alright.” Ni Yang nodded, “Then I’ll leave it to you..”

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Ni Cuihua rolled up her sleeves and protested, “What’s so tiring about this? You’re the one who really works hard!”

She has been seeing Ni Yang’s daily toil.

Unfortunately, she could not help Ni Yang much and could only handle the house chores so that Ni Yang wouldn’t worry.

At this moment, being able to help Ni Yang by making dumplings, Ni Cuihua felt very happy.

She finally felt like she could lend Ni Yang a hand.

After leaving Ni Cuihua with the rolling pin, Ni Yang went to retrieve pickled vegetables from the courtyard.

The pickles were perfectly preserved, with elements like millet pepper, Szechuan pepper, raw ginger, and others. As the lid for the pickling jar was opened, a tempting aroma wafted out, making one’s mouth water.

As Ni Yang squatted by the pickling jar, two adorable bunnies scuttled up to sniff at her feet, looking absolutely precious.

These two bunnies were part of the group she caught from the mountain last time.

A month went by and the tiny bunnies grew into proper-sized rabbits.

They were plump.

In a few more months, they could be used for spicy rabbit head or braised rabbit meat.

Ni Yang grabbed a generous amount of pickles, then brought up a chunk of pork belly from the well.

The pickles, which were already very fragrant, paired with the chunk of pork belly, made for an excellent combination. Ni Yang could not help but salivate as she was filling the dumplings.

When Ni Yang finished filling the dumplings, Ni Cuihua finished rolling out all the dumpling skins.

Ni Cuihua's method was accurate, each dumpling skin being uniform in size and perfectly thin.

Ni Yang placed the prepared fillings on the stove, picked up dumpling skin and asked, "Mom, can you teach me too?"

Ni Cuihua replied with a smile, "Why bother? Let mom handle little things like making dumplings. Go get some sleep, otherwise you'll be up early tomorrow."

Ni Yang shook her head saying "It's still early, I wouldn't be able to fall asleep even if I tried. Let's wait a while longer."

Ni Cuihua's speed and accuracy in dumplings making were remarkable. In merely a few seconds, she had a dumpling ready and each was shaped like pretty Liao Ye, even more appealing than the ones sold in the streets. Ni Yang felt hungry just watching and said, "Mom, make more dumplings. Let's have dumplings for lunch tomorrow."

"Okay." Ni Cuihua nodded and pressed, "Yangyang, be honest with me. How did you get to know that Xiaomo today?"

She had a hunch that there was more to it.

Ni Yang answered nonchalantly, "It's just like I told you. I was retrieving a fishing trap from the river, and he thought I was going to jump in the river..." "Really?" Ni Cuihua looked doubtfully into Ni Yang's eyes.

"Really." Ni Yang nodded lightly.

Ni Cuihua continued, "Actually, Xiaomo seems to be a decent kid. Your mom was thinking..."

The rest of her words were left unsaid.

Mo Qishen definitely captured Ni Cuihua's approval. He was eloquent, cultured, and from his attire, his family situation seemed well off. Most importantly, as a woman who had been through it all, she could tell that Mo Qishen harbored special feelings for Ni Yang.

Although it was faint, if you paid close attention, you could notice.

They say that a girl's fate is like a seed, when it lands on fertile ground, it grows with no worries and reaps a lifetime of bliss. But when it lands on barren land, no matter how much effort is put into it, it can't take root and survive.

Ni Yang was seventeen this year, and for this reason, Ni Cuihua didn't want Ni Yang to miss out on Mo Qishen.

As a mother, she didn't just want her daughter to find love, but also material stability.

This is reality.

A union without material assurance is fragile.

Because, love will one day lose to the demands of daily life.

"Mom, why are you thinking about such things? He and I are from different worlds. Plus, I have to focus on my studies to get into university. From now on, I don't want you thinking about these things!" Ni Yang quickly cut off Ni Cuihua's words.

Maybe the incident from her past life left a deep impact on Ni Yang, who remained uninterested in the idea of marrying a man so far.

The phrase "rely on a man" was not in her dictionary.

Whether it was her previous life or the current one.

She only depended on herself.

In this world, the only person you can rely on, is yourself.

Ni Cuihua smiled helplessly, "Okay, okay, I won't mention it. As long as you know what you're doing. Even if you want to go to university, you still have to get married one day, right? You can't possibly stay single forever!"

Since Ni Yang wasn't agreeable, Ni Cuihua wouldn't force her to comply. Checkk new novel chapters at [novelbin\(.\)com](http://novelbin(.)com)

After all, a coerced melon is never sweet.

"I just don't want to get married. I want to be with you forever." Ni Yang held Ni Cuihua's neck gently and spoke her mind..

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“Silly child, what are you thinking?” Ni Cuihua continued, “As women, it’s only natural for us to marry!”

Ni Yang raised an eyebrow slightly, “But why must a girl get married? Mom, don’t you see we are doing just fine without men now? Not only have we managed to survive, but we’re also living better than before! This just shows that men aren’t necessary at all!”

Ni Cuihua was momentarily speechless.

Because what Ni Yang said did make sense. Discover *new* chapters at [novelbin\(.\)com](http://novelbin(.)com)

After pondering for a moment, Ni Cuihua answered, “But if you don’t get married and have children, who will take care of you when you’re old?”

Ni Cuihua, having not received an education, was narrow-minded and held a small worldview.

The confining notion that a woman’s purpose was to bear children was deeply ingrained in her.

Otherwise, she wouldn’t have previously felt guilty for being unable to produce a son.

Such misconceptions needed to be rectified.

Ni Yang looked up at Ni Cuihua and said seriously, “Mom, girls are not tools for carrying on the family line. Marriage and having children are not a necessity for every woman. The Chairman has said that men and women are now equal. As women of the new era, we must be independent and self-reliant, we can’t rely on men to survive.”

“Take yourself for example. If you hadn’t chosen to divorce back then, you surely know what your life would be like now.”

“Only when we become stronger ourselves, do we become truly strong!”

“Hence, what’s most important for us now is to work hard to make money, then go to high school, university, and broaden our horizons. We need to have the ability to live a good life ourselves and also to help others.”

“When we become millionaires one day, you’ll realize that not only can you have a son, but even if you want ten or a hundred sons, it won’t be a problem. And I promise, they will all be filial.”

“Times have changed, and we women can hold up our share of the sky just as well!”

Ni Yang's words were heartfelt, leaving Ni Cuihua silent for a long time.

She wanted to say something in rebuttal, but she realized she couldn't find any words to counter.

Indeed, her thinking was too narrow.

Ni Cuihua nodded, "Yangyang, you're right. From now on, we will not rely on anyone!"

Seeing her mother understand this reasoning, Ni Yang felt less worried.

Her biggest fear was that Ni Cuihua would remain in a dead-end.

Ni Yang picked up a dumpling skin and said, "Mom, you make such beautiful dumplings, please teach me." She genuinely wanted to learn.

Seeing Ni Yang's thirst for knowledge, Ni Cuihua didn't refuse again, but taught her step by step. Ni Yang, being a clever girl blessed with the advantages of her rebirth, was a quick learner and mastered the skill in no time.

The dumplings she made were nearly as good as Ni Cuihua's.

In less than fifteen minutes, the mother and daughter had made a hundred dumplings.

The next day.

Ni Yang got up early. First, she put the rice and mint leaves that had been soaked the night before into a casserole, simmering them over a low heat. Then, she began to fry the dumplings.

She added a layer of vegetable oil to the pan. Once the oil was hot, she added the dumplings. After a sizzling sound, the small kitchen was filled with an enticing aroma.

The dumplings were fried to a golden brown on both sides, evenly coloured and resembled gold ingots. They looked impressive.

Ni Yang couldn't resist trying one.

The dumpling had a crispy outside and a tender filling. When she bit into it, the savory taste of pickled vegetables and pork filled her mouth.

A faint spicy and sour taste followed.

The taste was rich without being oily.

It tantalized her taste buds.

After eating four dumplings in a row, Ni Yang put some of the pan-fried dumplings into a thermos, leaving some for Ni Cuihua and Ni Chengui's breakfast.

The thermos was in three layers.

The first layer contained mint porridge, the second layer held the pan-fried dumplings, and the third layer was filled with stir-fried lettuce and shredded pork that Ni Yang had cooked.

"The Daily Use of Materia Medica" once stated: Lettuce benefits the five internal organs, nourishes the muscles and bones, relieves summer heat, opens the meridians, refreshes the breath, and brightens the eyes.

Since the vision of the elderly tends to deteriorate, eating lettuce can maintain good eyesight.

Furthermore, when Ni Yang stir-fried the lettuce, she controlled the heat well, ensuring that the dish was crunchy and tasty as well as fragrant. The combination of lettuce, mint porridge, and dumplings made a very good meal.

And since dumplings are known for stimulating the appetite, the old lady would surely enjoy the meal thoroughly.

After packing everything into the thermos, Ni Yang saw the sour plum soup on one side. She fetched a glass, filling it up with the soup..

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Li Gongcheng gave her one hundred yuan, and she always wanted to make the old lady feel happy while eating.

She wanted to make sure that the hundred yuan was well spent.

After preparing the old lady's food, Ni Yang started to prepare the items for her stall today.

After hurriedly finishing a bowl of leftover mint gruel, Ni Yang pushed her bike out.

At this moment, it was just beginning to lighten in the east, but people were already hard at work in the fields.

Everyone was trying to get as much work done as possible before the sun came up.

Once the sun was up, it would be too warm to work as much.

By the time Ni Yang arrived at her stall, Li Gongcheng was, as always, already waiting for her.

“Xiaoni, let me help you.” He came over to help Ni Yang unload the bike.

“Thank you.” Ni Yang politely thanked him.

Ni Yang’s bike had two large iron buckets of Pickled Cabbage Fish Soup strapped to the back. The buckets didn’t look big, but they were very heavy and Li Gongcheng could hardly lift one even with both hands.

“I’ll do it.” Ni Yang smiled slightly and took the bucket from him.

Therefore, when he saw her effortlessly carrying two buckets of Pickled Cabbage Fish Soup, Li Gongcheng was stunned...

What had this girl been eating to grow up so strong?

Her strength was incredible!

For the first time, Li Gongcheng felt inferior to a girl.

Not only did she earn more money than him, but now she was also stronger than him.

But Ni Yang was a bit odd. Despite poor sales yesterday morning, she had prepared a lot of food for today.

Was she planning to sell all the way until tomorrow morning?

Was she a bit naive?

In fact, Ni Yang was not naive at all.

Because she had a sense that her business today would be better than the day before!

Of course, the strategic thinking behind this was beyond Li Gongcheng’s comprehension.

After all, he was not a businessman.

With this in mind, Li Gongcheng approached Ni Yang, ready to speak, when she beat him to it, a smile playing at the corners of her mouth, “Mr. Li, shall we stick to the usual this morning?”

“Yes.” Li Gongcheng nodded.

“Alright, it will be a moment then.” She seemed to remember something, and handed him a bag with a thermos in it, “This is the breakfast we agreed on for the old lady. I just made something simple, I don’t know if she would like it.”

“Thank you. With your culinary skills, I’m sure the old lady will love it.” Li Gongcheng happily took the food from her.

Soon, a bowl of fragrant pickled fish was placed in front of Li Gongcheng.

Meanwhile, there was also a purple-red drink.

“What is this?” Li Gongcheng asked, pointing to the cup of Sour Plum Soup.

Ni Yang explained with a smile, “This is Sour Plum Soup, I made it myself. The first cup is free, would you like to give it a try?”

“Sure.” Li Gongcheng grabbed it and took a sip, then declared in shock, “Xiaoni, this Sour Plum Soup is so delicious! How much is it per cup?”

“One cent per cup,” Ni yang answered.

One cent per cup?

Such a delicious drink was so cheap?

Li Gongcheng could hardly believe his ears.

He knew that cans of soda sold for one and a half yuan each!

This Sour Plum Soup tasted infinitely better than store-bought sodas!

“One...one cent?” Li Gongcheng asked with uncertainty.

Ni Yang nodded, “Yes, one cent.”Fiind updated novels on [no/v/elbin\(.\)co/m](http://no/v/elbin(.)co/m)

Ni Yang was a businesswoman and certainly wouldn’t run a business at a loss.

Although one cent for a cup of Sour Plum Soup might seem cheap, she was banking on the volume of sales and it could potentially bring in more customers.

If she could sell five hundred cups of Sour Plum Soup in a morning, that would be fifty yuan.

Deducting the cost, she would at least earn forty-five yuan.

The most important thing is, compared to Pickled Vegetable Noodles, Sour Plum Soup is much easier to make. The cups used to serve the Sour Plum Soup were much smaller than the bowls, and five hundred cups were not that much.

Li Gongcheng went on to say, "Then, I'd like another cup!"

"Sure." Ni Yang poured another cup of Sour Plum Soup and handed it to Li Gongcheng.

Soon after, more and more diners arrived at the previously desolate stall.

In no time at all, all the tables were full.

As usual, Ni Yang offered each person a cup of Sour Plum Soup.

Unsurprisingly, everyone who tasted it gave positive feedback and all of them ordered a cup.

You could buy ten cups of Sour Plum Soup for the price of one can of soda, and the Sour Plum Soup tasted better. Any discerning person would not hesitate to spend that one cent..

Chapter 88: 071: Wanting a hundred sons is not a problems

Before long, a long line had formed in front of Ni Yang's stall.

"The flavor here is really authentic."

"Although it's five cents cheaper per bowl over there, I always feel like something's missing."

"Thank goodness I ran fast; otherwise, it'd definitely have been me at the back of the line again."

"Boss, I want a bowl of pickled vegetable noodles."

"I want a bowl too."

Li Gongcheng sat at his table, watching Ni Yang ladling noodles unhurriedly at her stall, with utter astonishment in his eyes.

No wonder she prepared so many ingredients this morning. She must have foreseen this scene.

Ni Yang's place was packed, but in contrast, there were only a few customers at Sun Chunxiang's place.

Sun Chunxiang initially thought that her place would be exceptionally busy this morning, so she specially prepared more than two thousand bowls of soup noodles and even summoned her sister-in-law to come and help.

But she didn't anticipate this situation.

Her business was going well just yesterday morning.

Could it be that that wretched Ni Yang girl was up to some mischief again?

What a shameless wench she was!

Sun Chunxiang bit her lip and said to her sister-in-law at her side, "Xiangzhi, keep an eye on things here. I'm going over there for a bit."

Zhao Xiangzhi nodded, "Sure, sis, go ahead."

Sun Chunxiang left her stall and walked over to Ni Yang's.

As expected, there was indeed a long queue at Ni Yang's.

Upon seeing this scene, Sun Chunxiang's face turned green with anger!

Indeed!

That wretched girl Ni Yang had stolen her business!

What a faceless brat!

Sun Chunxiang really felt like throwing herself at her and choking Ni Yang to death.

This wench! First, she got her daughter thrown into prison, then her son was forced to drop out of school, and now she was stealing her customers.

Did Ni Yang think she was that easy to push around?

No, she couldn't stand by and watch Ni Yang take away all her customers.

With a smiling face, Sun Chunxiang walked into the middle of the line, "This line seems pretty long, you all probably don't know, but there's another pickled fish noodle shop over there. Not only is it five cents cheaper per bowl, but you also don't have to wait in line. And the taste is ten times better than here!"

Upon hearing this, a short-haired woman immediately asked, "Really?"

Sun Chunxiang nodded hurriedly, "What are you asking, big sis, do you think I would lie? It's right over there, look."

The short-haired woman stood on tiptoes, looked towards the direction pointed out by Sun Chunxiang, and after figuring out the location, sighed with disappointment, "Oh, you're talking about that place?"

"Yes, yes, yes!" Sun Chunxiang nodded anxiously, "That's the one."

The short-haired woman continued, "I went there yesterday morning, the flavor wasn't nearly as good as this place. Although it's a bit cheaper, the fishy smell is rather strong..." Suddenly as if realizing something, the woman said, with a knowing look, "Oh, I see. You must be the boss of that stall, right?"

Sun Chunxiang didn't expect the short-haired woman to say this. She barely had time to react when another customer spoke.

"I went there yesterday morning too. The taste is indeed not as good, so I came back here this morning."

"Yeah, yeah, me too."

"The flavor here is way better."

Sun Chunxiang's face turned darker and darker, and with a bowed head, she ran away amidst the discussions.

Like a crestfallen, beaten-down dog.

She wondered whether all these people could have been hired by Ni Yang.

How could Ni Yang's noodles taste that good!

She had tasted them too!

After returning to her own stall, Sun Chunxiang handed Zhao Xiangzhi thirty cents, and said, "Xiangzhi, take this money and buy a bowl of pickled fish noodles from the place across the street."

She was eager to taste it, just to see if that bitch's noodles are indeed as delicious as everyone said they were!

Zhao Xiangzhi looked at Sun Chunxiang in surprise and asked, "Sister-in-law, don't we also sell Pickled Fish Noodles? Why waste money buying it elsewhere?"

Sun Chunxiang, looking a bit impatient, said, "Just do what I asked."

Without daring to say anything more, Zhao Xiangzhi took the money and headed off.

However, in her heart, she had cursed Sun Chunxiang a thousand times.

Pfft!

Is it just because she's got money?

What's so great about that?

Does having money mean she can order me about like I'm some beast of burden?

After waiting in line for a long time, Zhao Xiangzhi finally got a bowl of Pickled Fish Noodles.

Only when she held the bowl of noodles in hand did she understand why Sun Chunxiang was willing to spend 30 cents to have her bring a bowl back.

They were both supposedly Pickled Fish Noodles, but the difference was like night and day.

The Pickled Fish Noodles from that place had a great color, broth, and presentation.

Just the smell alone was enough for people to drool.

No wonder no one patronizes Sun Chunxiang's noodle stall.

After Sun Chunxiang tasted some of the noodles that Zhao Xiangzhi had brought back, as soon as they entered her mouth, she frowned.

She could clearly taste that, compared to two weeks ago, these noodles had gotten even better.

Rich, sour, and refreshing.

It was so delicious that after eating a bowl, you couldn't help but want a second.

Sun Chunxiang dug out a piece of pickled vegetable from the bottom of the bowl, quickly realizing that this pickled vegetable was not like the one she usually bought from the market. Having studied Pickled Fish Noodles for a long time, she knew that the essence of the dish was in the pickled vegetable.

The reason why Ni Yang's pickled vegetable noodles tasted so good was largely because of the pickled vegetable.

This meant that if she could find out where this pickled vegetable was bought from, she could make noodles that taste just as good.

Thinking of this, a smug smile returned to Sun Chunxiang's face.

Being a local of Beijing, if Sun Chunxiang wanted to find where this kind of pickled vegetable was sold, it would be extremely easy.

Just wait and see!

She would definitely be able to find the same pickled vegetable.

**

When Li Gongcheng arrived at the Mo Family with the meal prepared by Ni Yang, there was a guest at the house.

It was a young woman who was quite attractive.

If he hadn't seen Ni Yang, he would have certainly thought her a beauty. Checkk new *novel chapters* at [novelbin\(.\)com](http://novelbin(.)com)

But after meeting Ni Yang, he felt that no one else he'd seen before could even compare.

One could even say this.

After Ni Yang, there were no more beauties.

The young woman was sitting on the couch, speaking with Madam Mo.

It was clear that Madam Mo liked her a lot, her eyes full of smiles during their conversation.

"Madam," Li Gongcheng approached.

"Xiaoli is here," Madam Mo looked up and smiled.

Li Gongcheng put the thermal container on the coffee table and said, "Madame, this is the meal prepared by Ni Yang from the noodle stall, as requested by Master Mo. Please taste it and if it suits your liking, Master Mo mentioned that he could ask her to cook for you every day."

Madam Mo nodded, looking a bit disappointed, "Didn't he buy any noodles to bring back this morning?"

Of course, he had bought noodles, but Master Mo had commandeered them halfway.

Of course, these were not things that Li Gongcheng could say to Madam Mo. He smiled and said,

“Madam, eating noodles in the morning might not be easy to digest. Why don’t you try these dishes first and see if they suit your taste?”

“Alright,” Madam Mo nodded, “I understand, you can go on with your work.”

Li Gongcheng bowed slightly to Madam Mo, then turned and left.

Madam Mo turned to the young woman beside her and said with a smile, “Xianxian, let me tell you, this Xiaoni is quite skilled in cooking. You haven’t had breakfast yet, have you? Let’s eat together and see what delicacies are in this thermal container.”

Chapter 89: 072: Is that person, Ni Yang?_i

I

Xiaoni?

And she’s good at cooking?

Could it be Ni Yang?

Li Xianxian squinted subtly.

The good cooking skills and the surname ‘Ni’ made Li Xianxian unconsciously think of Ni Yang.

Thinking of Ni Yang’s beautiful face, Li Xianxian felt an unprecedented sense of crisis.

But didn’t Li Shu say that Ni Yang had married a bachelor?

Could it be that Mu Yan is not Ni Yang at all?

Did she mistake everything from the beginning?

Li Xianxian thought until she was lost in thought.

“Xianxian, Xianxian, what are you thinking?” Old Madam Mo waved an arm before Ni Yang.

“All? No,” Li Xianxian quickly snapped back, laughing, “Grandma, is this Xiaoni’s cooking really that delicious?”

“Yes, especially that bowl of noodles, it’s simply divine!” Old Madam Mo continued, “Hey, let’s stop chatting, Xianxian, let’s eat.”

Suppressing her worries, Li Xianxian responded, “Okay, Grandma.”

Immediately, a servant brought two new sets of bowls and chopsticks over.

Li Xianxian opened the thermos skillfully, laying out the food one by one, and generously served Old Madam Mo a bowl of rice porridge, praising, “It smells so good, Grandma, these must be really delicious!”

The Pan-fried Dumplings were fried to a golden brown on both sides, looking like adorable golden ingots; the mint porridge was crystal clear, pretty as agate and jade; the shredded pork with lettuce was fresh and crispy, paired with two red bell peppers, these dishes were like beautifully crafted pieces of art.

Just the sight of these dishes was a feast for the eyes. Most importantly, they emitted a captivating aroma, making one drool.

Not like other dishes that boast only appearance but lack flavor.

This is what we call a flavor that combines the essence of taste and appearance.

Gazing at these dishes, Li Xianxian was contemplative.

Ni Yang’s specialty was Cantonese cuisine, she never cooked simple home dishes, and she absolutely couldn’t make dumplings.

Let alone such beautiful Liao Ye dumplings...

So, this couldn’t have been made by Ni Yang-

Yes, there’s no way it’s Ni Yang.

Ni Yang had been married off to that old bachelor a long time ago!

She might even be suffering now.

At this thought, Li Xianxian felt considerably relieved.

As Old Madam Mo eyed the dishes, she couldn’t help but swallow, picked up a pair of chopsticks and said, “Xianxian, let’s eat quickly before it gets cold.”

Li Xianxian nodded, picked up a pair of chopsticks obediently, and only after Old Madam Mo had taken the first bite, did she mechanically follow suit by taking a bite of the Pan-fried Dumpling.

The frying of the dumpling was well controlled, crispy on the outside, while soft on the inside. After one bite, a splash of sour and spicy soup exploded from within, filling her mouth with a delicious tart, spicy, and savory combination.

The lettuce was crispy and refreshing, delicate and tasty, pairing very nicely with the dumpling and creating two different types of sensory experiences. It was so delicious that she couldn't stop eating.

After finishing the dumplings and lettuce, she had a mouthful of refreshing mint porridge just in time to cut the grease, it felt like an upgrade in her life quality.

Old Madam Mo had initially thought the Pickled Fish Noodles were the most delicious food in the world, but now it seemed her previous experiences were just too limited.

Old Madam Mo ate with joy, "Good, good."

Li Xianxian was also surprised, she had never eaten anything so delicious before.

But in order to maintain her figure and image, Li Xianxian put down her chopsticks after having only a couple of dumplings.

Old Madam Mo was surprised, "Xianxian, are you done eating?" Discover **new chapters** at [novelbin\(.\)com](http://novelbin(.)com)

Li Xianxian picked up a napkin and elegantly wiped the corner of her mouth like a well-bred girl, speaking softly, "Grandma, I'm already full, you can have the rest."

"You only ate this much?" Old Madam Mo frowned slightly, "Like feeding a cat."

Li Xianxian smiled shyly, "I've had a small appetite since I was little."

In order to maintain her figure, Li Xianxian dared not eat too much.

Though she has managed to maintain her weight, what troubled Li Xianxian was that a certain part of her body also scaled down with it. Therefore, to ensure she looks good in clothes, she stuffed a lot in her chest area.

So, Li Xianxian still had an amazing figure!

Old Madam Mo laughed, "You can't always eat so little, it's not good for your health. You have to eat more in the future. You're so thin that I believe Baichuan could lift you with just one hand."

Mentioning Mo Baichuan, Li Xianxian's face turned slightly red, "Grandma, don't tease me anymore..."

Old Madam Mo smiled, picked another dumpling, "Alright, alright, I'll stop.. Can't I just eat my dumpling?"

Chapter 90: 072: Is that person, Ni Yang?_2

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Li Xianxian bashfully lowered her head, but a glint of triumphant satisfaction shone in her eyes.

Since grandma Mo had willingly brought up Mo Baichuan in front of her, it meant there was a too percent chance for their entanglement.

Because the dishes Ni Yang prepared were so delicious, Grandma Mo ate as many as a dozen pan-fried dumplings, drinking a large bowl of porridge, only then she put her chopsticks down.

With a few dumplings left, along with half a bowl of porridge and half a plate of pork stir-fried lettuce, Grandma Mo specifically ordered someone to keep them for lunch.

Hearing this, Li Xianxian lifted her gaze and said, "Grandma, you're older now and your digestive system isn't in the best condition. It might be better to throw away the leftovers."

However, Grandma Mo casually retorted, "It's fine. I've eaten book covers and roots when I was young. What's a little leftover food?"

The old generation is used to being thrifty and were somewhat displeased upon hearing Li Xianxian's suggestion.

Just by hearing what she said, it was clear she was not a person accustomed to daily life.

To this day, many families are still so impoverished that they can't afford a meal.

To Grandma Mo, Li Xianxian insisted on throwing away the perfectly fine leftovers!

As soon as those words were spoken, Li Xianxian realized her mistake and hurriedly tried to correct it, "Grandma, I didn't mean it that way. I just worried that the leftovers might upset your stomach."

Grandma Mo didn't think much of it. "Never mind that, Grandma knows you meant well."

Hearing this, Li Xianxian sighed in relief and changed the subject, "By the way, Grandma, the weather is quite nice this morning. Shall I accompany you to the garden?"

Grandma Mo nodded and laughed, "Sounds good."

Li Xianxian immediately got up from the sofa and supported Grandma Mo's arm, ingratiating herself, "Let me assist you, Grandma."

The two had just stepped out of the room.

A tall and handsome figure approached.

His stunning yet hidden face under the light was incredibly eye-catching.

Dressed in a simple white shirt, form-fitting dress pants, black leather shoes, a black suit jacket hanging on his arm and one hand in the pocket, he walked against the light. The sun gradually highlighted his exquisitely angular features, breathtakingly radiant.

This was... *NewW novels updates on nov/el/b(i)n(.)com*

The worthless sixth son of the Mo family, Mo Qishen?

Such a shame. A man with such handsome looks, only to be wasted in the body of a useless person.

Li Xianxian squinted her eyes, a hint of disdain briefly flashed in her eyes, but she politely said in front of Grandma Mo, "Uncle six."

Mo Qishen nodded and walked over. Without a word, he gave Grandma Mo a big hug, "Mom, I've missed you so much after such a long time!"

Grandma Mo was stunned at first, then pushed Mo Qishen away, irritated, "Get away! Who is your mother?! You're hardly home all year round. Does this ungrateful son of mine even have me in his eyes?"

No matter the family, mothers always spoil their youngest children.

Mo Qishen had grown up spoiled and pampered.

Although Grandma Mo disliked her youngest son on the surface, she still loved him very much deep inside.

Although he could be considered useless, he's considerate and kind-hearted, always displaying filial piety.

Moreover, money was not an object in the Mo family. Let alone supporting one Mo Qishen, they could easily support tens, or even hundreds of him.

So, whether Mo Qishen was competent or not was not much of a concern to Grandma Mo.

“Mom, you fill my eyes,” said Mo Qishen with a playful smile. “Isn’t there a lyric that goes, Mom is the best in the world, children with mothers are precious gems.’ Am I not the gem in your hands?”

Mo Qishen’s few words brought laughter to Grandma Mo. “You’re a grown man, still claiming to be a gem? Don’t you feel embarrassed!”

Mo Qishen held Grandma Mo’s arm, “A child with a mother will always be a gem.”

Grandma Mo’s laugh was even more hearty.

As Li Xianxian watched from the side, contempt filled her eyes.

This youngest son of the Mo family was truly a worthless piece of trash.

Beyond making the elderly happy, he was good for nothing!

She really wondered how the Mo family ended up having such a good-for-nothing.

Mo Qishen’s gaze casually swept over Li Xianxian.

Strangely, Li Xianxian shuddered inadvertently.

But when Li Xianxian looked up again, Mo Qishen had already resumed his wastrel demeanour.

Did she see things wrong?

Right, she must be seeing things wrong.. How could a good-for-nothing have that kind of look?